P81-0418(01)

BALCONY SQUARE

The Battle of People's Park, Berkeley

Toronto Summer Things

BALCONY SQUARE, September 25, 1969

Published by the Students of University of Scarborough

FREEDOM'S FINEST HOUR

by JIM DALLAS

On May 15th this year in Berkeley, California, the dawn of realization struck one observer suddenly and mercifully. It was true about America, about violence, about police, about students, about reality. Before that day he had just read about America, heard about student radicals, seen Daly's Chicago on T.V. But being rather cynical, and separated by distance and apathy he never felt any pain. Somehow the whole thing in the U.S. was like a T.V. show — an extension of right-wing networks to spawn a continuum of unreality — a kind of documentary Bonanza. It could of been seen but not believed. But that was before. Now there were no screens, no headlines, just charged ions striking the eyes, the brain, the ears and belly. He was there. Never again could he fail to feel, down in his guts. But through it all he had a sense of relief. Yes relief. He had been released from Euphoria, he could react. He could be committed to something outside himself. That meant something.

But outside his confused mind reality hunted him out remorselessly. A few days before he had strolled through a small piece of land called "People's Park". It was in the small downtown area of Berkeley. Not far from the University Campus. Wandering through the groups of people was a revelation, long-haired hippies wielding pick-axes, children getting together, putting a play park together, planting flowers and trees where cars used to park. Music and free food mingled with incense. Beautiful. So THIS WAS California.

The land was owned by the University of California and there were plans for an atheletic field. So early in the morning on Thursday May 15th, the University had erected a wire fence around their property. Still mildly interested, our observer stood on the Campus at noon, one of three thousand others at a rally. The indignant rhetoric flowed freely from student leaders, faculty members and poets like Denise Levertov. Finally the long awaited words came, "Let's go to OUR Park!". Propelled by the mass down towards the park, it was one soul, who was very, very apprehensive. It was hot, the sun and sky suggested to him he could be lying on a beach somewhere. He noticed the broken window of the Bank of America as he passed. Symbolic justice he thought. Then he saw the police. Dressed in powder-blue coveralls that bulged ominously. A solid phalanx of featureless gas-masks. They seemed everywhere, silently closing in. Then the sound of the gun shots, gas canisters, people running from the front to escape the clouds.

That day 58 people were hospitalized. At least 35 were shot by police, shotguns fired into crowds and onto roofs. Twenty-five were arrested; one policeman was stabbed, and three others injured. By nightfall, 500 police from nine different departments guarded the streets of Berkeley. The National Guard was alerted and readied in areas around the City. Governor Ronald Reagan issued major emergency regulations for a curfew. People helicopters circled endlessly, spotting for larger groups of demonstrators. One man, James Rector, shot on a rooftop, received wounds from which he was to die. Another was to lose his sight from gunshot wounds. The streets were littered with rocks, bottles and cola cans. Policemen carrying shotguns, rifles and canistors, launcers, patrolled in groups. Teargas was thrown from rooftops on absolutely anyone in order to clear the streets.

Subsequently, 2000 National Guardsmen were ordered into Berkeley. More and more police arrived. Car parks were commandeered for storage of gas canistors and other weapons. The Guardsmen were stationed at streets leading to the Park. Barbed wire blocked off these streets and the soldiers waited behind it with fixed bayonets. Squads patrolled in jeeps, cars, and on foot, called into any area considered potentially dangerous. People were rounded up at certain times and arrested regardless of reasons, for walking the streets of their City. And the helicopters buzzed overhead, round and round the Campus.

A confused, shocked, but angry individual was asking himself. . . Why? Bayonets, barbed wire on small town streets, gas everywhere. People, noise, arrests continually, shotguns sporadically discharging. For that small Park? Dazed and blinded by tear gas, he retreated to quieter places. But it was still all there. The sights and sounds of war, with the heavily armed forces facing people armed only with their voices.

The days that followed saw little change. The Police stayed, the Guardsmen stayed. Any gathering or peaceful demonstration was immediately put down harshly by combined forces always with arrests for misdemeanors such as failure to disperse or unlawful assembly. Berkeley, a small once-pretty university town was occupied territory. It was impossible not to be intimidated by the presence of heavily armed soldiers and police. The shop keepers, office workers and parents in Berkeley besieged Town Council meetings in an effort to have the forces removed —to have their town back. Emergency meetings were chaotic and frustrating. The power was in the hands of Reagan and Police authorities. Nothing could be done to contain the violence.

Students had voted in greater numbers (15000) than ever before, and 85% had supported the Park. Faculty members were in overwhelming support of the Park. The people of Berkeley were divided, but many supported the Park. They believed it was beneficial for their community and the occupation was not. Religious leaders, legal, political, and academic organizations issued statements supporting People's Park and condemning the violence in Berkeley. Some National Guardsmen refused to participate in actions on the streets. It was evident that many others could not be relied upon to obey to shoot if the order ever came. No one felt safe on the streets. . .

So ends Part One of the History - as - Novel; follow Mr. Dallas' study of the Berkeley battles. Next week he deals in its implications, its horror, the eventual downfall of Reagan's paradise.

CUS-WORDS

by MIKE SIMON

The Canadian Union of Students, CUS for short, has been existence in one form or another for more than 40 years now. Bu only recently has it done anythin to tread on anybody's toes, to u set a few people in the establish ment.

CUS's history up until this cri sis point has not been so turbu lent as it seems to be now at thi point in time. The organizatio was born way back in 1927 a NFCUS, or as it is more affec tionately known - The Nation Federation of Canadian Univer sity Students. The sole purpos of this organization was to set u tours for the Oxford Debatin Society and other similar group This it did rather quietly unt the advent of the Second Gre War. At this time the Union be came inactive, and to all intent and purposes disbanded.

Non until 1948 did another com parable organization arise. Mau rice Sauve (the former Mines an Forests Minister in the "Lib eral" Pearson Government) or ganized a new Union based on th philosophy of Syndicialism (yo may now use your dictionaries t find the meaning of this word which he had picked up durin his stay in France after the War This was the first attempt to g CUS and students, in general, in volved in the struggles of worker and other people with society But, alas, this stage of develop ment did not last for long. Mau rice Sauve went his particula way and throughout most of th 50's the Union remained a quit strictly service organization.

Ah!, then came the roarin 60's. Something new began t take place. Students and thus th CUS once again began to get in volved in things other than de bating tours. With the 60's can the Civil Rights issue. Student saw Black men and White me getting smashed for sitting in s segrated institutions. Student saw the Great March on Washing ton accomplish nothing. Student participated in the Selma sit-in and again saw that this accomp lished very little in the way o solving the problems they wer demonstrating about.

With the 60's also came th Viet-Nam war. Students once again got involved in the issue They participated in SUPA an in anti-war demonstrations. The participated in the anti-Draf program, helping their America brothers. But once again the were frustrated in accomplish ing anything concrete. Becaus of this political atmosphere, i the midst of its membership th CUS began to take more politica line in its functioning.

Another significant develop ment of this decade has been th withdrawal of all Quebec univer sities to form their own union UGEQ, to deal with their ow particular problems. This with drawal in 1965 forced the Unio

(Cont. to pg. 4)

CINESCAR: RELEASE

by ANDY DENVER

"Mr. Watson, come here; I want you." Alexander Graham Bell had no idea, no conception, of the vast realm called "communications" he had implied in such a quick, hopeful request to his colleague. Besides discovering a mere long-distance speaking device, the entire concept of communications soon developed into a futuristic monstrosity of tickertapes, computers, microwave networks, broadband, relays, and cable television. In terms of electrical language, people are supplied with audio and visual experience, totally, in their environment. Man depends on communication.

Universities, even more than most institutions, require communication for survival on campus. Cinescar is just part of an integrated communications system at Scarborough College designed to keep you, the student, informed and involved in the media, and its associated developments. BALCONY SQUARE, Cinescar, The Graphics Department, The Audio-Visual-Television Communications Network, and the Students Council have combined in an effort to provide that essential communication with the students. Feel free to exercise your right of involvement. Involvement is what it's all about.

This year Cinescar will do more than just show Hollywood films. We shall endeavour to produce our own films; but we need staff. Our needs are much like that of a newspaper only more specialized. We need writers with ideas, actors, producers, directors, camera men, editors, and technicians. We need YOUR support.

The entertainment we plan to expose you to should enable you to see what stuff Oscars are made with, what turns you on, turns you away, or causes response in the form of high-pressure emotion.

Again, we need your participation and involvement. . .all the organizations here, set up for your express use, require your support in order to communicate in order to survive. Come out and be a part of something great!

the BARBARIAN

His Concept of Education

One day this college will be the intellectual centre of North America, no kiddin'. One of the best concepts I can envision is the return to the apprentice system. . . which could be the salvation of the university. . .that means doctors go to medical colleges, chartered accountants go to special chartered accountant schools, and the universities will contain nothing but thinkers. . .not that I advocate a type of discrimination, but people should know where they are going or what they want and be able to go to a university to pursue their academic interests and hang the marks. Frosh shouldn't have to be subject to the horrors of acceptance by marks. . .when I think of the number of first year students who came here with the idea that their heads were going to be blown open by inspiration, who ended up playing cards in the cafeteria, well, it strikes a chill, it does.

They should be writing, thinking, talking, learning in totality with the people around them, close to the professors who just might learn too.

The stuff that would flow out of these walls would herald the rise of knowledge known nowhere else in the whole world. . .that's what I think. Yea, Jim De Barbieri, you got a point.

COFFEE SHOP

The place to be, man! Open 10:00 a.m. to 11 p.m., Monday through Thursday, and from 10:00 a.m. to God-knows-when on holy Fridays. A disco-or-something is planned for most Friday nights and Saturdays and Sundays if the need arises and no one wants to leave on a Friday night. Gigs by the local gang are planned for at least three days a week during lunch hour, pro's and cons, ex-cons, etc....coffee, pop, chips and donuts can be procured for a price. The patio annex, open-air experience, will be open until the cold weather sets in, found just outside the SCSS Office. Come on up to the hills an' set a spell. . .

SCARBOROUGH COLLEGE

PRESENTS

THE ROCK SHOW OF

THE YEOMEN

SATURDAY SEPT. 27 9 – 12 pm

$2.00 GUYS – $1.00 GIRLS

$3.00 COUPLE

MILITARY TRAIL and ELLESMERE

(EXIT 401 AT MORNINGSIDE)

WORDS

Each week BALCONY SQUARE will present a stand-off of issues in this space known as "Words". The out-an'-out purpose of this space is to allow people to become familiar with those responsible for the various assortment of movements and opinions afoot in the university, their response and respective viewpoints, approach and tactics, in relation to people, things and other stuff goin' around; while providing a soapbox for the articulation of these views.

Outside thinkers take note. We will try to pair off the most vicious and deceitful of characters around for your amusement and entertainment, while trying to maintain a respectable format of newsworthy stuff; all sides get their digs if we can help it. The object of the game is to issue some sort of challenging statement to opposing weirdos, cut the space in half and let 'em go to. Stay tuned for next week's exciting adventure. This week we'll print a lovely picture instead: a picture is worth a thousand "Words"...how about Greco's drawings from the Civil War, or Guernica, or...

BOOK EXCHANGE

FIRST YEAR STUDENTS!

Buy your books at reduced rates and encourage a student venture at the same time. Prices are considerably lower. And besides, you'd be helping some second year freak support his wife and six kiddies...

SECOND AND THIRD YEAR SURVIVORS

To get cash to buy the essentials of life like food and dope, sell unwanted, space consuming books through the exchange. You set the price, and the money will get to you as soon as possible. Save on texts by browsing through the Exchange for the books you want. Stock is constantly changing.

Where was your head this summer?

by MICHAEL CLANCY

In Toronto, summers usually promise a variety of adventures for the adventuresome, and if not, at least she manages to drag out enough good weather to make summer jobs bearable on those tepid weekends spent in the north. This summer, however, has been one of the most inspiringly beautiful in a long while. What with the Pop Festival, Mariposa, Blind Faith, City Hall concerts and Moon parties in Nathan Phillips Square, and the outlandish creatures drifting down Yonge at Bloor, Led Zepelin and CHUM-FM, we managed to survive till September. For most of us, sum-

(Cont. to pg. 3)

where was your head this summer?

(From pg. 2)

mer meant working like a bastard to raise enough cash to finance our educations come the fall, with its sad leaves and that urge for goin'. For others the urge proves too strong; those who hit the road for "University-World", packs neatly swung from the shoulder, watching the summer sky for a prelude to the harsh winter ahead, like the condemned man. . .that is, full of summer's life for those brief hours in Queen's Park or in Zumburger looking for a dime for a cup of coffee, flirting with the secretaries at the C.B.C. down on Jarvis, or lying with some chick at the islands under the willows, strumming guitars, and smoking grass. . .until moved along by the wind and the cops.

Summer in big ugly T.O. bred a time of suculent silent beauty that the great romantics would have trouble understanding. It became just a joy to walk down Yonge St. at noon, to watch the beauties in porthole glasses, parade over to Fran's for lunch, to laugh and count the number of girls you've seen in see-through blouses, to sit under a Constable sky in Varsity Stadium while Eric Clapton spun his brain out like candy-floss, to clasp hands with someone you'd never seen and repeat in a wild whisper, "Wow!".

In the summer, Toronto is a great pleasure of things. . .to break up with your winter love's, find another a week later to take to Mariposa, in the rain, and giggling, act out the best of Elvira Madigan, to leave her with the September breezes in her hair, while you hitch-hike to Montreal, or London, or No-where.

I met a spirit of it all in a Zumburger at Yonge, hooked on heroin, who noticed me reading Pound, needed a coffee and some smokes and wanted to know about friend Ez. . .he spoke very soft French for a child of Welsh stock on the bum, could recite like a summer sky too. . .Rimbaud, Baudelaire, Mallarmé. . .so I gave him my smokes and bought him a coffee for which he taught me the brotherhood handshake. He was gone for Vancouver the following morning with only some change in his pocket. I left thinking he was indeed a symbol of something, for something. The symbol haunted me in the rain. It was the Collonade where it dawned what he was in a parable on the cement, harsh and cold in the rain of Toronto. There before me was a sprouting Maple key, in that rain, with no conception of doom, young, growing into an environment of cement so thick that his sprouting energy could never penetrate its flatness, its grayness. That was my boy, off to Vancouver, full of great things, drugs, French poetry, life, and some of me went with him. All right here in Toronto, in the summer, in the rain, in my head...

Scar - ATH - Scareline

by HARLEQUIN

The varied shapes and sizes of the Fall '69 Marooners will soon be taking to the fields of play. The following outlines a few pertinent prognostifications at the probable performances of the teams and a slightly tongue-in cheek look at the more outstanding characters:-

Marrin's Marooners:—Leo Marrin takes over from Chuck Bordenale as coach, and inherits the side that was so narrowly beaten by PHYS. ED. in the final last November.

The Soccerites have benefitted from playing throughout the summer in the Toronto and District League and the added experience should prove beneficial for the team. A few of last year's standouts returning are, Davy Sorensen:—'the Winnipeg Wanderer', last year's steady right fullback returning after a summer in the sticks. Big Bernd Neuhold, the Viennese Stopper should continue to block the middle as effectively as he did last year. It is hoped that 'Left leg Lui de Favero', another cornerstone of last year's defence, gets a better break than he did last April. Stew 'Head and Shoulders' Sawyer should prove to be an effective play-maker and link man again this year. 'Gelati Galati, Count of Calabria' will continue his dramatics in the forward line, to what effect we will have to wait and see.

The 'Hammers' the College rugger side have embarked on an ambitious autumn fixture schedule. Under the leadership of that lusty veteran 'Mainbrace Seery' as coach, the Hammers will field both a 15-a-side and 7-a-side teams. Leading the array of returning hopefuls is that mighty foraging firebrand the 'Aylmer Wand' the star of Blues, booze and sing-song. In support is beefy 'Bill McNamara' (The Leader of the Band) and 'Diamond Head Leppman' who, rumor has it, saw quite a lot of action tackling grass skirts in Hawaii this summer. A supporting cast of 'Prancing Pinnell" and 'Lusty Goldbust (The Man with Midas Touch?) two recent converts to the game will ensure a hard running attack; whilst 'Pounding Pergolas' and 'Bulging Buckman' (Leaside's Spaghetti-Eating Champ) will bring both depth and width to the front row of the scrum.

After a very praiseworthy 4-2 opening season's record, the Football side is this season under the supervision of Arnie Carefoote (Old English "Do you mind about who you're kicking?). Notable absentees from last year's squad will be linebackers 'Bummer Baer' and 'Clothesline Clouthier' and fullback 'Zoltan Szendrovits, the Wild Bull of Budapest'. Hopefully the first year will supply quality replacements.

A solid season can be expected from 'Dumper Durie' and 'Mike and Roman (the Brothers Karamasoy) Kuczek' in the line.

Benefiting from a spell with Blues in camp, and hoping that his leg stands the strain, the team should be ably quarterbacked by 'General Goldschmith', who should bring a touch of maturity to the side in his senior year.

Signing out,
HARLEQUIN

Review Revue

WINTER'S COMING

by MICHAEL CLANCY

Right now there's Johnny Winter layin' on thick and classic blues, fresh from the Texas heat —a new album kids!

Johnny Winter, as his album notes suggest and his picture highly illustrates, is an albino, a strange musical spirit, so white that Black blues attract in a deep magnetism. Soul plus. Homey blues like "Dallas", loaded with Buckon White and wailing slides, pierce the southern nights when blues are the only relief from the heat. Steve Paul says that Johnny's sound is emphatically emotional and I readily agree. His sound is alone. It comes out from a distance, from where skin pigment isn't any measure of a man's aloneness. It is intense, the voice of an outcast heart, the complete individual in a society which can accept only a harsh conformity.

What grabs is his use of basic twelve and eight bar blues in an ingenious way, unheard of in modern pop sounds, a return to the deep south. His partners in production, long time blues men like Willie Dixon on accoustic bass, Walter "Shakey" Horton on blue-sharp (harmonica), the deep black Black sounds of Peggy Bowers and Carrie Hosell filling in background vocal with the gusto of primative Supremes. Mix in a few contemporary electricmen in the Cream vein, Tommy Shannon and "Uncle" John Turner, on bass and drums respectively, a touch of brass. . .and the rifts are free, easy, and new. Winters' brother Edgar provides that extra in production and instrumentation, harmony, that only brotherhood breeds.

The tracks vary in style yet remain constant in technique. Winter gives us a well-rounded idea of what he can do. . .twelve and eight bar blues are again made palitable, free of the boredom consistantly found in blues... Spoonful is too damn long.

For thinking easy, cool-flowing, lonely thoughts, share Johnny's suffering, way down in the blue-grass, with a tall cool one of heavy tight, and misty blues. . .Johnny Winter plays Johnny Winter.

Places To Be -

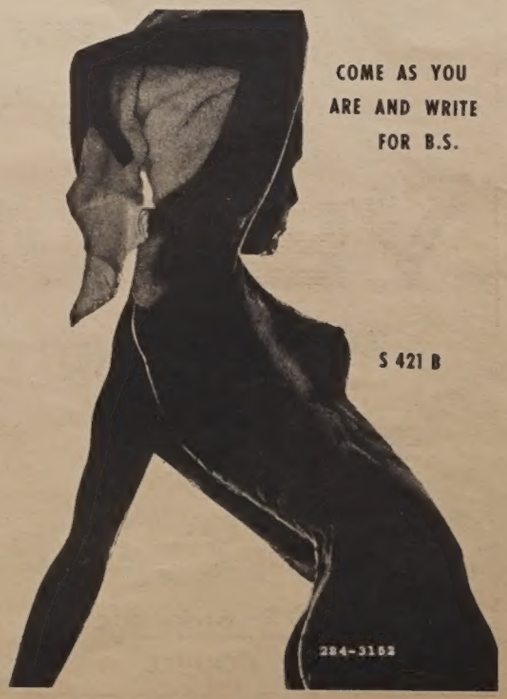
Submarine To Mexico

by MICHAEL HOFSTETTER

I wouldn't encourage bubonic rats to frequent the village on Yorkville for consideration of their health. But there are two places of interest in the village. Mr. Submarine. Mike's Mexican Cantina. The submarine is an ancient American food art form. A sandwich that makes a Roman feast look like a Haliburton Corn Roast. (But if you have grown accustomed to the corn roasts in Haliburton that I have in the last few summers, that's like comparing an air gun to an ICBM.) It is a loaf of bread split length ways and filled with ham, cheese, tuna, peppers for ten cents extra, cole slaw, bologna, tomatoes, lettuce, summer sausage, and some mayonnaise if you like. Mike's is either open air or inside. The food is purported to be Mexican. Our travel editor, Peter Kellner, informs us, through his avocado salad, that the food is not really Mexican. Mike Clancy says Toronto is not really Mexico. The food is good if one avoids the avocado salad. The chile, with rice or beans, and the matamoros are great. If you are stoned, you can sit outside at the picnic tables and stare at the stars, letting the heat from the tacos chips and hot sauce explore your tract.

— PHOTO BY ANDY DENVER

— PHOTO BY ANDY DENVER



XANADU

CUS-WORDS

(From pg. 1)

to take a good introspective look at what it was doing for its membership. It was after this point in time that CUS began to be an effective political lobby for students and to be an effective political forum for exchange of ideas to take place. CUS was no longer strictly a services organization in which things were given students, but now it also began to give ideas to students. CUS began to be a real Union. One of its major accomplishments at that time was the instituting of the Student Awards Plan. To do this, however, the Union had to step on toes.

As time has gone on, and as more and more of the constituent members have become more political and more radical, the union has tended to do likewise. At this point, it should be emphasized that the membership includes each and every one of you.

So where do we go from here? Lets examine the 1968 Congress (The Congress is the annual meeting of the Union). First, let me explain that at the Congress an atmosphere is created as nowhere else and things are said and done that would not normally be done. For it is at this particular Congress that the Crunch came for CUS. Very many radical and, in many cases, correct resolutions were passed. Specifically, the motions that upset people were ones in support of the NLF, and those against imperialism. These resolutions upset many people who did not understand the context in which those motions were passed. This was because only these motions were played up in the press who forgot about motions on Biafra, who forgot about motions on Czechoslovokia, and who forgot about motions on Education and other things which directly concern students. Another point of contention was the press's complete fabrication of the president-elect, Peter Warrian's comment of "burn down the universities", which he at no time said.

For these reasons, many referenda took place during the year in which many universities chose to withdraw. Because of this fact the last Congress held at the Lakehead at the end of August was a crucial one for CUS. In the next installment of CUS-words I'll discuss what went on there and the ramifications for the coming year in light of the upcoming referendum here in October.

by MICHAEL CLANCY

The following is an experience collage. . .in quest of Bethel. The pilgrim is Jason Jabberwocky.

Pilgrim, what compelled you to go?

"Woodstock was a melenic magnet, a Youth Mecca, a pilgrimmage of Blind Faith, a calling, an enigma with a ring of truth..."

A ring of Truth?, pilgrim?

"Yes, like the universe is incomprehensible yet it bears truth..."

And what of Woodstock?

"Woodstock was the beginning of something or of a coming together,"

Were there others with the same vision?

"There were knowing smiles from unknown brothers. Words unsaid, like vibrations, 'You're going to Woodstock!' ".

Pilgrim, tell me of your journey?

"You know, at first, I was compelled to hike to Bethel...I didn't even know where it was but I knew I'd end up there. Just before setting out, I heard on CHUM-FM of a group of people who had come together and were heading to Bethel via bus...I knew then that was the way to go.

Pilgrim, your bus was crossing at Peace Bridge. Describe the approach.

"A refugee bus we were on... eyes huddled together...music mixed through fragrant air... Come on everybody, got to get together, got to love one another. The border post stood out of the darkness...tension filled the air."

Pilgrim, tell me of the border incident.

"When the buses pulled up to the bays, the lights were what impressed me most, impression meaning imbeded in the skull, and the buildings in the night and the customs officials when they boarded the bus...like, they came on with the routine questions, but the strangest part came when he left the bus and walked over to a group of fellow customs officials and pondered.

'How are we going to handle this, what are we going to do'. Fences transfigured into bayonets...a gray cornerstone slab was engraved with the initials U.S., but I wasn't sure whether it meant 'us' or possibly U.S....S.R. Our bus was directed to the back of the custom's office...separated from the second bus...divided from our comrades. The officials boarded the bus and told us to file into the customs office...they instructed us to bring all of our belongings...they told us to sit down in a room without chairs... they cut off our washroom privileges.

Narcotics officers brandishing pistols proceeded to meticulously search the bus...futile efforts to support their suspicions that were obviously prejudicial to the point of perversion. It seemed as if they were seeking reasons in order that they could continue to harass, provoke and humiliate our group...it was the end of the month and they probably had to fill their quota, otherwise they wouldn't receive their Christmas turkey.

Each of us was then taken individually into a back room, stripped and forced to bend over or put one leg up on a table. The women on the trip were made to squat after they too were stripped. When I was taken into the back room I asked them what my rights as a Canadian citizen were. They told me I had no rights. I complied with their investigation. After I was stripped they said to me, "Bend over and spread your cheeks." Everyone got the same treatment including a middle-aged couple who were chaperoning their daughter on the trip. I really wonder what they were looking for. I am convinced that their minds were so perverted and fucked-up that they had lost all trace of humanity and respect for individual freedom and dignity.

We were then interrogated by immigration officers concerning our nationality, our reason for entering the country, and our life history.

We were continually handled in a scurrilous, high-handed, demeaning manner. Fortunately we were cool and together during the entire degenerate assaults on our rights.

After three hours of proceedings we were told to reboard the bus. The group was famished and weary. A customs official boarded the bus and announced that we were refused admission to the U.S. on the grounds of 'undesirability'. It should be pointed out that no arrests were made during the proceedings thus far. We were in fact, refused admission on the rationale of trumped up excuses.

We were then told to get off the bus and assemble in the customs office.

Sirens shrilled in a climbing crescendo as cybernauts in blue massed on the scene. A phalanx of wooden clubs, bullet studded belts and open-holstered guns moved in a menacing wave.

Inside we confronted a line of customs officials and narcotic agents. They told us to "Get back on the bus!". We asked them why we were stopped. They answered what had been rather ridiculous up to then with only what could be expected from them. "If you've got hair, you get stopped." It was as simple as that. We then asked why we were refused admission. They immediately barked back, 'If you don't get back on that bus, there will be trouble!'.

At that moment they began shoving and pushing us, calling us 'Pigs', or 'Swine, degenerates'. A verbal clash then broke our restraint.

We were herded back onto the bus, but we managed a superhuman resolve not to become violent...it reasoned well; obviously we couldn't communicate with animals...The last of our group to board the bus, in his complete frustration, allowed the bus door to swing close by itself, not a slamming shut, but a slow, solemn swing as if the bus itself felt our fatigue...A narc standing by the door, with a strange anticipation of satisfaction, smashed open the door and screamed 'DON'T SLAM THAT DOOR IN MY FACE, YOU PIG!'. He grabbed the boy by the back of the neck and threw him to the ground...and the scene developed into mass sickness, six or seven cops getting their jollies, kicking, punching, kneeing this guy...He was a small fellow, about 140 lbs., the cops were twice his size...they really beat him...I felt that maybe the narc was upset because he hadn't reached his quota of busts for the night...and besides, 'Easy Rider' answered it even better... He hated what we represented... Freedom...the little guy's buddy tried to help...he broke through most of the police lines, with no restraint at all left in his head... nothing but fear and hatred... he too was grabbed and beaten by five or six cops...

The provocations continued... more police arrived, waiting for that perversion of blood to swell over the rest of us, to fight, and in the end they would be totally satisfied with their handy-work... the creation of anarchy and the thrill of power...

The two boys were arrested for 'Obstructing government administration'. They were beaten senseless again in the back room of the customs office.

We returned and the conclusions started to roll...the U.S. was truly dying...the cops were satisfied and pleased with the power they had exercised that night...We wanted to get back to Canada where we were free— an incredible feeling of nationalism brought tears to some of our eyes...we were determined to spread the word, 'Stay in Canada' ...We had lost $35., the money we paid for fare, Woodstock tickets, Campsites, and happiness... 35 x 106 of us...that's a lot of money for people who have no interest in monetary property and found it difficult to obtain that much...

When I arrived back in Toronto a revelation gripped me, soared up in my throat and I found myself screaming, 'Fuck Them! I'm Going!'...Mick Jagger had said that one should not ask for freedom, one should exercise it...and one should say...try and stop me!!

So I flew to Bethel on Mohawk, incognito, with a Press button given to me by an empathetic reporter from the Toronto Telegram...the customs officials at the airport, even though I must admit they were at least slightly more human than the Buffalo Pigs, tried everything in their power to keep me from going... told me there were riots in Bethel, that the 'Hippies' had invaded the airport and planes couldn't land, that the Hell's Angels had 'liberated' Woodstock...but I was beyond them...and that night I could see the fires from the campsites near Woodstock as we flew into Montecello Airport..."

Speak of the Gathering of Tribes, Pilgrim.

"...overnight refugee camps sprawled for 15 miles in every direction...cars were abandoned ...people were converging...the roads were packed...I had never seen so many people in all my life...The white-middle-class merchants who had tried to prohibit Woodstock's Festival were selling water, hotdogs, posters, charms, sacred relics...at a dollar a piece...but old people, sincere people gave us the Peace Sign, offered us water, food, advice...Bethel awaited in the distant night...after 12 miles of solid people we came to a mountain, we climbed, mud, garbage, flowing water...and the other pilgrims, weather-torn, hunger-stricken, and yet there was an inner glow, a glow of music getting stronger and stronger as we approached...and at the top of the mountain, Sinai, over looking the valley, all I could see was people, a stage so small, the band a mere dot...I was there!"

Pilgrim, direct us to your experience.

"Graphic music...a reflection, a creation of a medium...the audience as performer, and the performer as audience...beauty imploding from chaos and waste... ...The Crown of Creation..".